

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

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## TRACY TREMMEL.

The Varied Experiences of the Blue Jay Mess.

AN UNDRESS PARADE.

Job Cartwright Learns a Lesson in Betting.

TO FIGHT AT LAST!

Preparations for an Expected Encounter.

BY JOHN McLEOD,  
Author of "Andersoville: A Story of Southern Prisons"; "A File of Infantrymen"; "The Red Ace"; "Reminiscences of an Army Mule," etc.

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## LETTER XII.

## CAMP SCENES.

ANXIOUS FOR A BATTLE—PROGRESS IN DRILLING—A FALSE ALARM—FELLING A FOREST. JOB CARTWRIGHT GETS A LESSON. CAMP LINCOLN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Oct. 18.

DEAREST MOTHER:

After supper on the day succeeding the tent-raising experiences narrated in my letter of a week ago, the Blue Jay Mess was sitting around a little fire in front of our tent, putting in the time before "tattoo" according to the various tastes of its members. I was poring over a leaf in my dismembered algebra. Lan Green was deep in the perusal of a recent number of the Christian Advocate, which some religious visitor had left in camp. Herman was sewing on some buttons which had yielded to the strain of the last few days. Quin, who was never quiet or peaceful, except when smoking or sleeping, was apparently putting all his energies into producing a stench with a short day pipe that would drive a dog out of a tanyard. Cad Briggs and Webster Dallas were talking together in low tones about the brickwork, the farms, the fields, the crops, and the people of their neighborhood—a subject which they never seemed to exhaust or to lose interest in, whatever might happen. Job Cartwright, who had secured a new pack of cards to replace those destroyed by the rain, had, after vainly trying to get some of us to play with him, settled down to a game of solitaire on his folded blanket, and was grumbling and swearing to himself because "the damned thing wouldn't come out right."

At last Job became disgusted with his ill-luck, bunched the cards together, thrust them



## THE LONG ROLL.

into his blouse pocket, slung his blanket into the tent, and turned around to the rest with the remark:

"Well, I've got the next kink in our string with a fight with the Secessionists."

"I guess that's what day brought us over into Fingert for," said Herman, quietly, biting off his thread.

"I'll be a fought or a fat-rat," put in Quin sententiously. "O! spoke with a nagur to day that'd just come in, an' he sez they're out there toward Fairfax a few miles thicker'n bees. For warn, O! folks to take a stroll out in that direction an' say 'em'."

"So would I," said Job; "an' the sooner the better. I'm gittin' anxious for the sight of a wild rebel. I got a letter from father to-day inquirin' why we was so modest 'bout makin' the acquaintance of the Virginians. He sez that if we don't intend to be sozzil with 'em we'd better come home an' ten' to our business, 'stead o' wastin' our time, an' eatin' up the Government's grub, a-doin' nothin'."

"I'm sure I want the battle to come as quick as possible," I said. "I read it, but I dread the expense more. I want the thing over, and to know my fate."

"I have no impatience," said Lan quietly. "I feel that all this is the Providence of God, who holds nations in the hollow of His hand, and am subject to His will and pleasure, and shall await it patiently."

"O bother," said Job crossly. "The Lord ain't got anything to do with this war, or he would bring it to a focus in short time. D'y'e suppose that if He was in command we'd be tinkin' 'round camp forever? Not much, Mary Ann. I've read 'bout them wars in the Bible that He conducted. They didn't fool 'round learnin' tactics and Reggeriasms, but all got up an' went for the damned heathens rough-shod, with whatever they could lay their hands on—swords, spears, slings, rocks, pebbles, bow-ans-arrows, rams' horns, lanterns, pitchforks, or sctery. O! s'ich is the kingdom of heaven, I believe. That's the kind o' fightin' we ought to do. An' how they did clean up their work, too! Didn't leave a man to tell the tale, sometimes. That's the way the Lord conducted a war. I wish there was a little more of the spirit of the Lord in our fellows, 'stead o' so much tactics and tomfoolery."

"It's ther since o' this convinsion," said Quin,

with the air of a chairman, "that the war ought to be vigorously prosecuted."

"Yes," I added; "and President Lincoln expects great things of this regiment."

"That he does," chimed in Job; "an' the Blue Jay Mess proposes to cover itself with glory."

"Tattoo" sounded, and we went to bed to dream of battle and carnage, but the reveille next morning woke us to another day of hard work at drills and camp duties; and so did the next, and the next, for a week, until we became more confirmed than ever in our opinion that we had come down here for almost everything else than fighting.

We are, after all, not so badly off as some other regiments. For miles to the right and left we can see men by thousands working with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow, throwing up great embankments for forts—precisely as you have seen gangs at work building railroads. We have not been set at any of this degrading work yet, but are in hourly dread of an order to take our turn at it. Job vows that come what may, he, for one, will not do any intrenching.

"It isn't work for white men an' soldiers," he said, "but for niggers. Let 'em set the niggers at it. We'll fight for 'em; let 'em dig for us. The Government can git all they want of 'em for a dollar a day. Washington's full of 'em. I'll bet there's a clear million of them blessed contrabands in the city now, with more comin' in by every road. I didn't enlist to grub and dig, and dumber if I'm goin' to."

Undoubtedly we are becoming very soldierly under the incessant driving of Col. Satterlee. It would be strange if we did not, with the constant labor toward perfecting ourselves which he imposes upon us. The drift of public opinion in the regiment coincides with Job's view that the bigger part of the drill and routine is "dumber tomfoolery," but all the same, we are taking an increasing pride and interest in doing things according to the strict letter of the Tactics and the Regulations. Strange; I had never even heard of those two books six months ago, and yet to-day they seem to be the two most important volumes ever written. At this rate I shall soon get to thinking with Col. Satterlee that they are the beginning and end of wisdom.

The feeling toward the Colonel is changed a little for the better. He is as harsh and arbitrary as ever, but he is no respecter of persons, and we are all very fond of him, and even Col. Satterlee has paid him a grudging compliment or two before the company. We still wear the coarse clothes that were originally issued to us, but Col. Satterlee has seen that we were provided with everything that the Regulations prescribe, and by his order tailors were detailed to make over our clothes until they fit us very well. Then he required that we keep them perfectly neat, so that we are conceded to be one of the best-dressed, as well as best-drilled, regiments in the army. Our dress-parades are frequently attended by great crowds of people from Washington, in which are Senators, Representatives and distinguished officials, with their wives and daughters. Gen. McClellan was present at one recently, and complimented us highly. Even the soldiers from the other regiments come out to see us and parade, and say that we do "almost as well as the Regulars," which goes a good way toward compensating us for the incessant labor imposed upon us.

But we all feel that this is not what we came out for, and get impatient for the real business of the war to begin. When do you imagine that will be? Are you not intolerably weary of the tiresome "All quiet along the Potomac?"

"Why don't the Army of the Potomac move?" everybody asks scores of times each day. That all-important event does not seem any nearer than when we left Colossus.

My pride in my gun still continues. In spite of a suspicion that there is too much truth in Job's denunciation of the manual as "all dumber tomfoolery," I practice at it industriously, and am considered one of the best-drilled men in the regiment. Twice recently at guard-mounting, I have been selected as the nearest man in the detail, and have been put on Orderly duty at the Colonel's headquarters. I should like to become a good marksman, too, and if we ever get the rifles we are promised I shall try my best to become a sharpshooter.

Last night toward midnight there was a terrible clatter of the drums and fife sounding the "long-roll." Ezra Grimsdell and Burt Conners fled from tent to tent shouting:

"Fall in, Co. A!"

Instantly all was commotion. I sprang up and into my trousers and shoes. I did not wait to put on anything else but my belt, snatched up my gun, and formed into line with Job and the rest of the boys, who were in all stages of undress and excitement. In another minute the company was marched to the parade ground at the double-quick, and formed in line of battle on the farther side. The other companies came up on the run, and formed on our left. Fires were blazing near us, and the drums and fife were going it like mallets working by the piece, which added to the excitement.

The night was quite dark and the air pleasantly cold. I shivered as I held my gun tightly and strained my eyes in trying to pierce the darkness and discover the enemy.

"Where are the rebels?" I whispered to Job.

"I don't know; I can't see none," he answered. "Why in thunder don't the damned fools give us some cartridges, if we're goin' to fight? Do they expect us to jab 'em with our bayonets? I'm goin' to put mine on, so's to be ready."

We all fixed bayonets and stood there trembling with cold and excitement, expecting every minute to be ordered to charge forward upon maddened enemies hidden in the black of inky darkness.

I overheard Lan saying in a low tone:

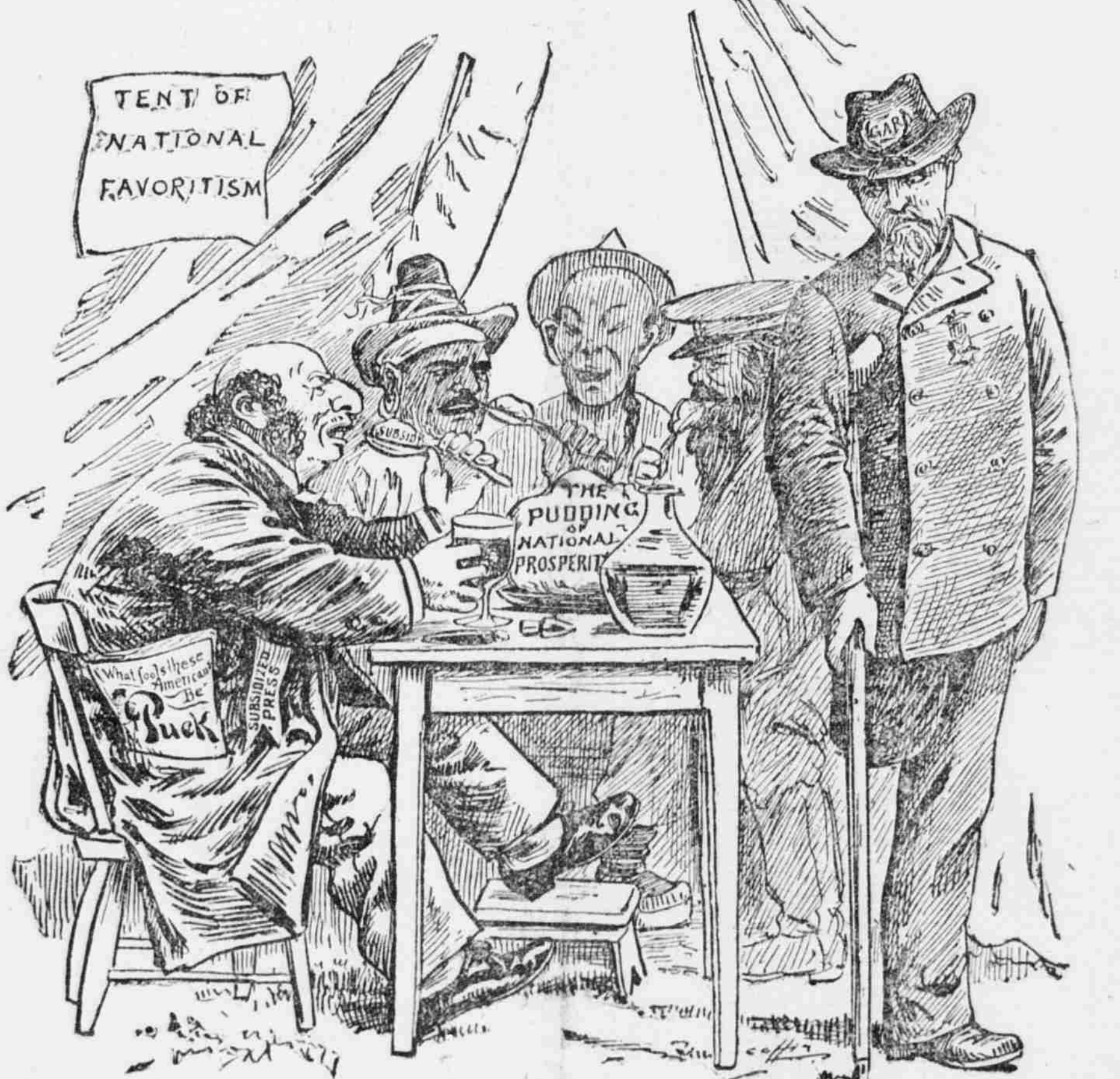
"Blessed be God, who teaches my fingers to war and my hands to fight."

The Colonel rode up.

"Lieutenant," said he to Ezra, "how many men have you in ranks?"

"We had 92 at roll-call, sir, and I think they are all here. I can tell you in a moment. At-

## THE TRUE PICTURE.



Puck's principal cartoon last week represented a gluttonous G.A.R. man seated at the table of the Nation's prosperity, and greedily devouring all the good things upon it. The true picture would show that the valor and sacrifices of the soldiers prepared a fat feast in this country for all the other people of this earth, from which they alone are excluded.

attention, Company A! Front and rear ranks count off in whole numbers. Count!"

"One," "two," "three," "four," and so on rolled down each rank, and Second Sergeant Snellbaker, on the left of the company, and Corporal Truckham behind him, shouted 46 at the same moment.

"There are 92, sir," said Ezra, saluting.

"They are all here," answered the Colonel, and rode down the line, repeating the performance with each company. When Co. B reported he rode back to the center, and said in a loud voice:

"There is no enemy, men, and no danger of an attack. I merely did this to see how quickly you could get out in case of a night alarm. You have done fairly to-night, but you must do better next time. You can go back to your quarters now."

Great Nova Zembla! how cold it did get all of a sudden, when we found there was no danger to be confronted. My teeth actually chattered as we marched back to our tents, stacked arms and crawled into our blankets.

"If I catch my death of cold from this short-tail dress-parade," grumbled Job, as he pulled the blankets around him. "I'll hunt that damned old Colonel. He'll get sick o' my pale grub settin' 'round his bed o' nights barkin' up my lungs."

Encamped to the right of us was a Maine regiment composed of lumbermen. To them had been given the work of clearing the timber from the hills in front of them. All day yesterday and the greater part of to-day we could hear the axes ringing clear, frosty air, as we marched back and forth on company and battalion drill. Very singularly, though, there was neither sight nor sound of falling trees.

"Dumber singin'!" said Job, as we stopped, facing the woods, while drilling as a regiment, to rest a few minutes. "There's his choppin' enough to make the whole State of Virginia into cordwood, an' there's not a tree down."

An explanatory tone, as he rode along the front of the regiment, "are up to an old lumbering trick. They've cut all those trees over there until they're just ready to fall. Now they'll come out on this side, give a few strokes to some of the trees, and the whole forest will go down. I'll be a sight worth seeing."

I looked up and down the long ridge upon which we were standing. For two or three miles on either side of us it was filled with regiments standing in line like ourselves watching the woods.

A cannon boomed out from a fort a mile to our right. It was an omen, and the Maine men came running out from among the trees, with axes in their hands, and deployed along the edge of the timber. The bugle rang out again, and they all raised their axes. Then a shrill whistle sounded, and each man sank his axe into the tree by which he stood. It quivered to the

judgment again another feller. If mine's better'n his he pays the price o' superior schoolin' an' gets learnin' to the value o' his money. He'll know better next time."

"Well, I got a little of this kind o' 'learnin' yesterday mornin'." After we were dismissed from battalion drill, we of the Blue Jay Mess wandered over into the camp of a Rhode Island regiment, and came to a group gathered around a chuck-a-luck board. Of course Job began betting at once, and had fairly good luck. Near him was a green-looking boy deeply intent upon the game. An old-fashioned leather pocket-book protruded a little ways from his pant-legs pocket. Another, farmer-looking boy called Job's attention to the pocket-book with a nudge, and winked at all of us. Job winked encouragingly; the second farmer-boy slipped the pocket-book out without apparently attracting the notice of the first, opened it, unwinding the long strap with difficulty, much to our amusement, and found a silver quarter, which he showed to the rest of us, winked again very knowingly, took it out, shut up the pocket-book again, and restored it to its place in the pocket of its owner, who seemed entirely unconscious of the by-play. Then the second smart second boy tapped the first on the shoulder and said:

"See here, comrade, if you ain't careful you'll lose your pocket-book; it's stickin' 'way out."

"That's all right," said the owner, shoving the pocket-book back. "I wouldn't lose anything if I lost it, for there ain't nothin' in it. Yes, there is, too. There's a silver quarter in it. But I can't lose that. I've had it too long. Old Uncle Jake Hargster gave me that the day I enlisted at Pawcatuck, an' I've carried it from Pawcatuck to East Greenwich, and from East Greenwich to Providence, and from Providence to Annapolis, and from Annapolis to Washington, an' never lost it once. No, I can't lose that ere quarter."

"Well, I'll just bet you've lost it," said the second farmer boy, winking at the rest of us. "You ain't got no quarter in that pocket-book."

"You'll bet, will ye?" said the first boy, rising up like a fury, that I've got a silver quarter right 'ere in this 'ere pocket-book. Put up or shut up."

"I ain't got no money," said the second, in some confusion; "but I'll—"

"Here, I'll just take that bet," exclaimed Job, laying a bill down. "Here's wot says you ain't got no silver quarter in that pocket-book."

The fellow plunked down a \$10 bill, pulled out the pocket-book, unwrapped its strap, and from its recesses produced another silver quarter. He grabbed up his stakes and he and his accomplice disappeared, while the by-stander Rhode Islanders set up a yell of "another sucker caught!"

Your loving son,

## LETTER XIII.

## ORDERED TO MOVE.

## EXCITEMENT IN CAMP—"TWO DAYS' RATIONS AND 20 ROUNDS OF CARTRIDGES"—ANTI-CAMP SCENES.

## CAMP LINCOLN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Oct. 20, 1861.

DEAREST MOTHER: I can write only a few lines for all around a hustle and excitement. At dress-parade this evening an order was read for us to draw and cook two days' rations and be ready to strike tents at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. The order further said that as our march would be to the vicinity of the Potomac, positions occupied by the enemy, 20 rounds of cartridges would be issued to each man, which we must arrange in our boxes ready for use. Should we encounter any body of the enemy we were urged to behave with the utmost coolness and steadiness; not to allow ourselves to be disturbed by unusual noises or fierce yelling, or threatening movements of the enemy, but to pay attention only to the commands of our officers.

We were in a state of mind as we broke ranks after the parade was dismissed. At last, at last, the long-looked-for day is at hand, when we shall meet the enemy "in battle array." I at first felt a sinking of the heart at the dreadful possibilities; but that feeling has measurably passed away, and in its stead has come an intense expectancy—almost an eagerness—to have the ordeal come off. How I wish that it were all over and I entirely unharmed. There I sit through my mind Brutus's words before the battle of Pharsalia:

"That man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come,  
But it is such that the day will end,  
And then the end is known."

When the call for supper came I had no appetite. I could think of nothing but the morrow. Would it evening see me alive and well, approved as a good soldier or disgraced by fear that I could not control, or would I be a mangled corpse—a part of the clay upon which my comrades would pitch their tents?

Yet I was afraid to stay from supper, lest the others would think me so frightened that I could not eat. I went up and took my cup of

coffee and plate of meat and potatoes, and sat down a little apart from the rest, pretending to eat. Lan Green came and sat down beside me. I noticed that he had a little relish for the food as I had.

"Do you dread to-morrow, Lan?" I asked.

"I do not exactly dread it, I think," he answered, slowly and thoughtfully. "I try to have faith in God which will prevent my dreading anything. Whatever is, or comes to, pass, must be according to His will and wisdom, and I should rejoice in it. But I earnestly wish that I knew it would be well with all of us by this time to-morrow evening."

"Here, you fellows," called out Job. "You ain't eatin' nothin'. Don't let excitement get away with your appetites. Eat hearty, for ye'll need all your strength to-morrow, an' I don't want none of the Blue Jays playin' out from weakness."

We tried to follow his injunctions, but a cup of coffee and a mouthful of bread were all that I could force down. I went to the gunstack and took out my gun. I had cleaned it care-

fully during the day—as was my custom every day—but now I went over it again, that there might be no chance of its failing to do the best possible in my hands. After I had swabbed out the inside with woolen rags, until it was almost as bright as the outside, I picked out the tube with a pin until I was sure there was not an atom of dust in it, and covered it with an oiled rag, upon which I shut the hammer. I closed the muzzle with a wooden tampion, around which I wrapped a piece of paper, so as to make it certain no moisture could enter. A wagon drove by and left some heavy square boxes on the ground.

"All of you come up and get your cartridges," called out Burt Conners, forcing a lid off one of the boxes with an ax. Two little packages done up in brown paper were handed me. I opened them with curiosity. Each contained 10 cartridges and 12 caps. I examined the cartridges with interest. Each held a large charge of powder, with a big round ball and three small ones. I felt a thrill of satisfaction at having such an engine of destruction to launch at the enemies of my country.

"Looks like a terrible thing to shoot at a human being, don't it?" remarked Lan, studying a cartridge which lay in his hand. "Seems as if it would tear him all to pieces if it struck him fairly."

"It would be a stiff dose for a rebel if you could give it to him in the right way," commented Job. "But these dum-flammed old fuzes are so short-nosed that the only way you can make 'em o' gittin' 'em into him will be to hold his nose till he opens his mouth, and then poke it in."

In spite of Job's gibes, I still think the safest place in front of the muzzle of my gun is the one that is the farthest off.

As I write the camp is ruddy with fires glowing under the kettles where the rations are being cooked for to-morrow, and the still night air is colored with the smoke of boiling meat, potatoes and beans. All along the lines of tents the Sergeants are calling for this one and that one to come up and get his rations of bread, coffee, sugar and salt.

It is all so different from what I supposed was done by men on the eve of battle. It never occurred to me that bread and meat played so important a part in making war. I suppose I ought to have known that soldiers must eat, and that they were not fed by ravens or gathered manna as they march along.

A few around me are writing what may be their last letters home, or a rough hope in my heart tells me that this will not be my last, but that I shall write you to-morrow evening that I have passed through the ordeal safely. God grant that I may!

Your loving son,

[To be continued.]

TRACY.

For THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

## TOUCHING ELBOWS.

BY T. C. HARRINGTON, CAMPTOWN, O.

Come, let us elbows touch again,  
We touched them long ago,  
Where, 'mid the battle's fire and smoke,  
We met the valiant foe.

The hearts that beat and the blue  
The bugle stir no more;  
No longer sounds an army's tread  
Along Potomac's shore.

The cannon's roar has died away,  
O'er many a comrade's breast,  
Amid the blossoms of the South,  
A wreath hath been laid.

And where we stood amid the strife  
Upon Antietam's day,  
With laugh and song and sparkling eyes  
The children come and play.

I seem to hear the Sergeant call  
The well-rehearsed roll,  
And many a "Here!" along the line  
Reverberates my soul.

But there are some who answer not,  
They sleep in shade of pine;  
Beneath the balmy Southern sky  
They camp, old comrades mine.

Out of the dim and distant Past  
Old comrades seem to come,  
They march again, as long ago,  
Behind the rattling drum.

In comradeship their elbows touch,  
Methinks I hear their tread,  
Although we find their names upon  
The long roll of the dead.

In memory we stand again  
Under the spreading pines,  
Right in our front, in war's array,  
The foemen's severed lines.

The grass is green beneath our feet,  
The skies overhead are blue,  
And all at once the cannon boom,  
And "Forward!" smiles the air.

But nevermore, old comrades mine,  
Will we together march;  
No more will we touch elbows 'neath  
God's star-spangled arch.

But still, at His trumpet's call,  
Our spirits find release,  
They'll see us touching elbows 'mong  
The blooming fields of peace.

And when at last we're mustered out  
And sleeping side by side,  
The children with earth's fairest flowers  
Will strew our graves with pride.

Yes, we will sleep beneath the stars,  
And 'neath the fragrant mold,  
Two comrades touching elbows still,  
As sweetly as of old.

THE ADVANCE FROM THE FRONT.

Signalling 125 Miles.

Lieutenant Wittmeyer made the greatest achievement in heliographing yet accomplished on May 18, during practice in the Department of Arizona.

He succeeded in sending a message by a signal flash 125 miles, from Mount Reno, near Fort McDowell, to Mount Graham, near Fort Grant, where it was received by Capt. Murray, who, by turning his instrument, flashed the message to Fort Huachuca, a distance of 90 miles, making a total distance of 215 miles with a single intervening station. The longest distance ever before made with a signal flash is said to be about 70 miles.

A Grand Scheme.

[The Epoch.]

"But you are too poor, you say, to support a wife."

"You do not understand me, Ethel. Of course we cannot marry right away. First you must marry Mr. Crossen, then get a divorce and can live over after on the alimony."

## VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

The First Cavalry Battle at Kelly's Ford, Va.

THE ENEMY CHARGES.

Averell's Troops Stand Firm and the Rebels Go to Pieces.

McClellan's Mistakes.

As Usual, We were Fighting a Phantom Army.

BY MAJ. FRANK W. HESS, U. S. ARMY.

## II.

AFTER a short delay, in which his front was cleared of the wounded of both sides and his regiments formed again, Gen. Averell moved forward his whole command, and soon met the fire from Lee's battery of four guns. These guns were well served, and their projectiles were very annoying. Firing sometimes at a single squadron advancing, they very frequently knocked out a horse or man.

The firing from our own battery was discouraging, as the ammunition was of very poor quality and the fuses thoroughly unreliable. Prisoners captured in the last charge informed us that Stuart himself, with his Chief of Artillery, was on the field, and from this we had reason to believe that more than Fitz Lee's Brigade would soon be before us. It afterwards transpired that Stuart and Pelham were accidentally there. Unfortunately for the artillery of the Confederacy, the brave Pelham did not leave the field alive.

As we advanced it was discovered that their cavalry had been formed in line on both sides of their battery, and their sharpshooters opened on us again with effect. It was now found necessary by Gen. Averell to extend his line farther to the left, and to this part of it was sent the 5th U. S. Cav., until this time held in reserve.

The enemy's front was again masked by his sharpshooters, deployed in a heavy line, and they soon commenced advancing and firing rapidly, while his battery of four guns seemed to redouble its energies. Under cover of this he was seen moving forward his main line, and preparing for a charge with a very large part of his command. Our whole front at this time was assailed at any point by a charge, and as the enemy's long lines moved forward all felt that the great struggle of the day was about to commence.

HE LED OFF WITH HIS LEFT WING, heading for the center of our right wing, and at a gentle trot swept down a slope at the foot of which ran a stream that now separated us. Crossing this and forming again, he pressed forward, directing his course on the three squadrons of the 3d Pa. Cav., which had been posted on the outer edge of a small wood.

The fields in front of these squadrons, through which the charging column was now coming, were heavy, and the horses were sinking from hoof to fetlock deep, and the whole Union line halted to await the attack. In the squadrons of the 3d Pa. the front rank had advanced carbines, and the rear rank had drawn their sabers. The men were cautioned to reserve their fire, and await the near approach of the enemy that it might be more effective. On came the Confederates, but the soft ground, a scatter-

ing fire from some squadrons of the 16th Pa., which I think was on the right of the 3d, and the steadiness of the troops in their front, who stood like a wall, all contributed to destroy the vim and enthusiasm of this charge.

Before arriving within a hundred yards of its objective, the charging column had lost its momentum, and commenced sifting to pieces. More than half had halted, or were proceeding in a half-hearted sort of way, and a few only of the most daring spirits, on the best horses, arrived within 25 to 50 yards of the objective. Now it was that the volleys from the front rank of the 3d were given with terrible effect, and of which, says the Richmond *Whig*, in an issue of a few days after the event, "There were men in our

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